

February, 1986
Volume 1, Issue 1

Impact

What a beauty!!

Homecoming
and more: a fall
semester photo essay

WECC: Where
Eckerd College
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Andy Haines and
the 1984 yearbook:
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Letter ^{from} to the Editor

Dear Eckerd Community:

Allow me to introduce you to IMPACT.

IMPACT is a newsmagazine, funded and produced by (ECOS) the Eckerd College Organization of Students.

IMPACT is an innovative idea created to best service the needs of the entire Eckerd College Community: the students, faculty, staff, ASPEC, and administration.

The newsmagazine includes features, sports, columns, fiction, and a sub-section called the Mag/Yearbook. The purpose of the Mag/Yearbook portion is to include those items missed by the lack of a yearbook: dorm pictures, senior pictures, etc. (This first issue doesn't contain a Mag/Yearbook section)

Shortly we will be taking orders to bind fresh issues of the newsmagazine at the end of the semester. This will serve as a pseudo yearbook. After the fifth and final issue early in May, we will quickly send the pre-ordered magazines to be bound so that the project will be complete before the end of exam week.

As you can see, IMPACT is truly a unique idea. It tries to unite the resources and products of both a monthly print news publication and a yearbook.

It is a good idea. At this stage in the game, I feel really confident about its success. However, I did get off to a shaky start. Our original first publication date was set in September. Obviously I missed that! I'm afraid I had never anticipated the magnitude of responsibility when I originally drew-up the proposal and asked for its approval.

I learned a few things about myself last semester. First, I'm a lousy manager and lack a tremendous amount of discipline. I guess I figured that I could ride on the journalism experience, despite little managerial experience, enough to get through. I was wrong.

Many problems soon developed. To my surprise, instead of the predicted 25-30 staff members, I ended up with 120 people with various skills who all wanted to do something at once. I was a victim of too many talented and willing people. Unfortunately, their talents were victim to me!

To make a long story short, I'm trying now to learn from my mistakes and restructure the entire project. Thus far, it's paid off (as you can see before you).

Surprisingly, the second issue and its deadlines thus far have gone like clockwork. Apparently the changes we made from within have done the trick. Expect to see the second issue on or before the 20th of this month.

My staff is now working under far different conditions with different positions. (Take note that the positions listed in this issue's staffbox are part of the changes we've made. The purpose in pointing that out is to note that most of the work for this issue was done primarily by me, good or bad. So, do not blame any misgivings or problems on anyone else. Do, however, notice the staff's work in the coming issues, for their skills will be obvious)

There really isn't much more to say. Please read through IMPACT with great care for it's your book. A lot of heart, soul, hard work, and many tears went into its completion. Also remember that this is the first issue and naturally, there will be bugs. But have faith, IMPACT is going to become a very special part of this community.

Respectfully, with great exhaustion,

Mary Zimnik, Editor and Designer

inside lines

Mary Zimnik, Editor

Perhaps, in honor of journalistic tradition, it would be appropriate for me to write my first column about how **IMPACT** was conceived and how it got its rocky start.

But, I want you to read the rest of this column, so I'm not going to do that! I will say, though, that we did make it, evidence in hand. Please stay as patient as you've been throughout these past couple months. I promise now that we've gotten this first one out, the rest will flow a little more easily.

Anyway, there is something that I would like to go into that in a way ties in the purpose for creating **IMPACT**.

How many times have you heard about what it is to be an Eckerd student? How many times have you heard about what the Eckerd values are and how to try to be a giver?

Some of us have encountered these questions more often than others. But, I feel it's safe to say that we have all been faced with evaluating our Eckerd identity.

Well, if you don't mind terribly, I'd like to steal away some space and time here and share with you what I see is the Eckerd identity.

When I first came to Eckerd three semesters ago, I came from a background perhaps quite different from the norm here on campus. For that reason, in some powerful ways, I isolated myself from the nucleus, the heart of the community. This has given me an opportunity to observe from an objective viewpoint.

I've seen the givers; I've seen those who weren't so giving. I've seen the intellectuals, and I've seen those who just don't show their intellect as well. I've seen those who get involved and love it, and those who get involved and hate it. I've seen the liberals, and I've seen the conservatives. I've also seen those who refuse to be restricted by labels. Yuppies, hippies, preppies, shreppies, filippies, yuckies: they're all here. We've got Italians, Irish, German, Japanese, and yes, even New Jerseyans!

We have everything that society has, but you know what? We let those givers, those hippies, and yes, even the yuckies, be whatever the hell they want to be... if they want to be. The outside world isn't so open-minded.

Maybe Eckerd is trying to teach us something very important here. Maybe Eckerd is saying, "Ok, be a yuckie if you feel so moved. But, show us what yuckie means. Hey! Maybe even spread a little yuck on us (as long as yuck isn't an infectious disease!)."

Eckerd has something that other colleges don't have. I'll be damned if I can package it up and put it under one name. All I can say is what I've seen. Eckerd firmly requires one thing from every community member. Eckerd enforces the right to be an individual in a society where individuals aren't so popular. Here, you're asked to do your thing and do it well, no exception.

How can you argue with 270 acres?

That's besides the point! Just think about all this and remember that for some strange reason we have it special here, very special.

Over the past few months, I've had that specialness showered all over me. In fact, I practically overdosed on it! A lot of people had an awful lot to be angry at me for. They, at any given time could have hurt me terribly, justifiably.

But, they didn't.

In these past few months I saw people sacrifice for me because they believed in me even though I couldn't give out anything tangible.

For that, I owe the world over and over again to Eckerd College and its people.

P.S. I'd like to dedicate this first issue to the schmucks (Wayne Harwell, Chris Roby, and Dale McConkey) who got me into this mess!

Impact

Eckerd College's Community Newsmagazine

Volume 1, Issue 1 / February, 1986

Columns

- 8 *ASPEC* Academy of Senior Professionals
- 12 *Complex faces* Kappa's personality: is your's in their?
- 15 *Eck-life* Mahoney's insights on Eckerd life
- 18 *Dunn's view* a coach that has made his place

Features

- 10 *Commentary: nuclear awareness* it will catch up to you
- 24 *Manatees: nature's answer to gentleness*
- 26 *WELR: Music News* hittin' the airwaves
- 30 *Honduras: World Issues* through the eyes of a student
- 36 *Campus politics: finally, Haine's side* an honest look

Photo essays

- 20 *Eckerd on Film* Fall semester's events

Impact

February, 1986
Volume 1, Issue 1

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ASPEC and you

What the Academy has for you

Leo Nussbaum, Director of ASPEC

Eckerd is a different college; students will see in some of their classes men or women who may remind them of their grandparents. They are most likely to see these retired professionals in Western Heritage or Judeo-Christian Perspectives courses invited by the faculty member to help in leading discussion. These people are members of the Academy of Senior Professionals at Eckerd College (ASPEC), persons who have been very successful in their professions or careers. There are former professors, writers, photographers, business executives, physicians, lawyers, dentists, engineers, Congressmen, ministers, architects, artists, chemists, psychologists, and deans and presidents of colleges, universities, and seminaries among others.

Why are these Academy Members on the Eckerd campus? They are very able people who have remarkable careers; have accumulated reservoirs of knowledge, have cultivated talents, and mature wisdom which should be used. They represent a wide array of specialties in many fields; they are living embodiments beyond what one can find in original documents, books, and periodicals. In many respects ASPEC Members can supplement the talented, able faculty of Eckerd College.

All ASPEC Members were high achievers in their careers; many were distinguished leaders in their communities, their regions, or in the nation as well as in their professions. Some have extensive formal education, have earned three, four or more college or university degrees; in fact one member has earned 73 honorary degrees. Others have never attended college, but have achieved distinction with limited formal education.

You may find yourself in class seated next to a

former member of Congress, a retired physician, a major general, an aeronautical engineer, a lawyer, architect or chemist.

You may be in college to prepare yourself for a career; the ASPEC Members are persons whose careers are now behind them. Why would they join you in reading the syllabus, books and periodicals for Western Heritage? They remind us that a liberal education, ideas, the search for truth, the human quest for knowledge are not only for youth, but for persons of all ages. The most significant learning is not that related to a job but the kind that raises the eternal, universal questions and the human curiosity which reaches for answers.

ASPEC Members don't need jobs, but in the quest for understanding humanity's role in the universe, ASPEC Members are partners and colleagues with students. This quest is never finished; in fact its meaning increases with maturity.

Seniors may find ASPEC Members in Judeo-Christian Perspectives. Many ASPEC Members have deep roots in these traditions; to understand more fully, they join in this quest. The most significant learning is in subjects for which answers are not explicit, subjects in which there is not one final answer--rather a multiplicity of answers from among which one must make a choice--even if tentative.

Academy members are living testimony that learning is for all ages, that living is learning and that its significance does not diminish but increase with age. Eckerd students and faculty will find intellectual colleagues, personal friends, and possible role models. In the words of George Gallup Sr., founder of the Gallup Poll, "experience and mature talents are commodities too precious to waste."

Experiences as a discussant colleague

Of the many interesting activities available to ASPEC Members, one of the most successful from the viewpoint of faculty, student and ASPEC members alike, is the DISCUSSANT COLLEAGUE Program.

This unique instructional program matches an ASPEC member with a faculty member who teaches in one of two classes: Western Heritage for freshmen, or Judeo-Christian Perspective for seniors. The end result is that the faculty member and the ASPEC member interact with themselves and with the students in discussions designed to understand better the

roots and development of our Western Heritage, and, the Judeo-Christian basis for decision making as it is related to current critical issues such as nuclear war, application and implication of Bio ethics, etc.

Several ASPEC members have participated in these classes with wide acceptance from both faculty and students. This acceptance and recognition of the value of ASPEC members' broad experience has led to an increasing requirement from the faculty for additional ASPEC DISCUSSANT COLLEAGUES. The experiences of three ASPEC DISCUSSANT COLLEAGUES follow.

Joseph Pezdirtz, ASPEC member

There are many "goodies" which accrue to a Discussant Colleague, the basic on being the joy of learning and interacting with students and faculty without having an institutional responsibility. In other words, the ASPEC member takes the course for pure enjoyment, not a grade, and is able to participate in discussion in many roles--teacher, student, observer, devil's advocate and expert witness.

The challenge in these courses to the ASPEC member is to assist the faculty member in teaching the students how to examine critically how to explore the limits of a subject, how to think logically, and how to articulate logical thought clearly and concisely. I try to meet this challenge by matching pragmatic

experience with academic thought. In doing this, I try to push the student toward seeking a broader, deeper view of the subject under discussion and to develop reasoned opinions based on that examination.

A bonus of this program is that I have made numerous friends among the students and have advised them in many areas of their academic and personal lives. I have also become good friends with the faculty members with whom I have worked: one is a liberal pacifist and well known sociologist, one is a remarkably bright young lady who is an assistant professor of music, and the third is a scientist who has national stature. They have all added significantly to my continued intellectual growth, and enjoyment of my life at Eckerd College.

Benjamin Koch, ASPEC member

My experiences as a Discussant Colleague in Western Heritage course last year, and in the Judeo-Christian Perspectives course this year, have been most rewarding and enjoyable. Why? Because these experiences, in the Western Heritage course, have combined the broadening cultural experience of reading and studying books and hearing lectures covering 5,000 years of western history, philosophy, literature and art, with the stimulating challenge of discussing these with students who bring their own contemporary views, and with a faculty colleague who makes available to each of us the results of his knowledge and discipline in the subject. In the Judeo-Christian Perspectives course the challenge and interest are provided by the study, analysis, evaluation and discussion of a broad range of contemporary issues which are major concerns of political, religious, business and professional leaders of our time; and by helping students to develop and sharpen their abilities to make decisions for themselves, and to help influence the decisions made by society, on these issues.

High on my list of rewards from these experiences have been the friendships formed with students and faculty members. These are much appreciated benefits which I could not have foreseen or expected as results of becoming a member of ASPEC. From past experience we know that many of these students will become influential leaders in their communities, in business, in education, or in the professional world.

To share some part in their development is indeed a privilege.

Another of the benefits to me from this activity has been the opportunity to get to know some of the students from other countries. Often these students come from leading influential families in their native country. And more likely than not they will themselves become influential leaders in these countries.

A most interesting and, to the faculty members especially, a most satisfying experience, is to observe the contrast and improvement between the papers presented by the Seniors in the Judeo-Christian Perspectives course and by the freshmen in the Western Heritage Course. This improvement of course should be expected, but the faculty can be justifiably proud of the very evident development accomplished.

And the opportunity for getting to know the faculty members with whom we share these experiences has been an especially gratifying pleasure. I have found them to be dedicated, compassionate, effective teachers and counselors, who have become good friends.

Therefore, the Discussant Colleague Program is one which I heartily endorse, and I recommend it enthusiastically to other ASPEC members. This is an interesting, challenging, stimulating, rewarding way for retired professionals to make further use of our abilities and experience.

Robert Hewes, ASPEC member

The Discussant Colleague program provides a natural linkage between ASPEC members and Eckerd College students and faculty. The lives of ASPEC members tend to become heavily scheduled and even though most members are fully retired from their active professions, their backgrounds, experience and intellectual energy generate more requests on their time than can be gracefully accommodated. The Discussant Colleague program ensures an important and regular interaction between ASPEC members and the Eckerd College community before other attractions take an overly strong hold.

Western Heritage is an excellent freshman program, well designed and accomplished. I have had the good fortune to work in it as a Discussant Colleague for three semesters with two faculty members. My own

training was in aeronautical engineering and after working in that field for five years, I spent the rest of my working career in academic administration at two major universities. So my background did not directly relate to most of the curriculum of Western Heritage. I believe that I made positive contributions as the courses progressed. The easy interaction with the faculty and students which the program provided fell into many of the objectives that I see for ASPEC. The rewards to me were many, not the least of which was the opportunity to work with two very capable and extremely dedicated faculty members, Andra Weddington in Theatre and Gilbert Johnston in Asian Studies and Religion.

In short, it is a great program from which we all benefited!

It's time we learned about nuclear war . . . it's long after The Day After

Susan Johannes, Productions Editor

Commentary

Loose flesh hung from his open wounds. What was left of his skin was burned and charred. The stench of smoldering organs and jeans polluted the radiation filled air. He lay on dirt and rubble unaware of the scorched wasteland that was his home. His eyes had melted leaving two empty sockets in his head. He remembered the "shooting star", the mushroom cloud, the shock wave, and the brilliant flash of intense light. The war that had officially started only yesterday, the news updates, two red phones.

The last man on Earth struggled for air. His chest heaved, his nails gouged at the demolished soil. He gasped for his last breath of corroded air. He rolled over for the last time.

It's time we learned the facts about nuclear war. It's long after The Day After and all the Threads and Testaments of the nuclear situation have faded out of our concern.

There are several types of nuclear bombs, such as the atomic bombs, the hydrogen bombs, and the neutron bombs. The atomic bombs were the first (and only) to be used in war. On August 6, 1945 the "little boy" was detonated over Hiroshima, Japan. It was ten feet long, 28 inches wide, weighed 9,000 pounds, and had a yield equal to 20,000 tons of TNT. On August 9, 1945 the second atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, Japan; it was called the "fat boy". It was 128 inches long, 60 inches wide, weighed 10,000 pounds and had a yield equal to 20,000 tons of TNT. Like the "little boy". On May 15, 1957 the British tested their first hydrogen bomb, fired at high altitude it was in the megaton range, a megaton range explosion equals that of 1,000,000 tons of TNT. A neutron bomb, which was developed later, is a very small hydrogen bomb that releases

massive amounts of high-speed neutrons, which kill anyone within limited range. The bomb blast is designed to increase the effects of a short-lived neutron radiation in the immediate area of a bomb blast while confining damage by blast and heat effects to a radius of only 200 to 300 yards. The radiation kills people slowly and painfully, some victims survive for about a week.

The effects of each nuclear bomb differ with the type, the size, and the explosion yield, but basically the major effects are the same. In a millionth of a second after the explosion, most of the energy is absorbed within a few feet of the surrounding atmosphere. The energy forms a fireball created out of a hot mess of air as it grows rapidly in size, decreasing in temperature. In a fraction of a second the fireball rises rapidly, somewhat like a hot air balloon. Within about a minute prompt radiation travels from the fireball through the air, traveling a great distance, penetrating considerable thicknesses of material producing harmful effects to whatever it comes in contact with, though it is neither seen nor felt. The range of distance between certain death and no serious effects can amount to as little as 100 yards for bursts below 1 megaton. Above 1 megaton the lethal range of the blast of shockwave becomes equal to or greater than that of the radiation.

Next comes the thermal radiation in which energy released in the explosion is absorbed into the air immediately surrounding the burst, heating the air to high temperatures, the heated air, the fireball radiates energy as light roughly similar to that of sunlight. Thermal radiation contributes to overall damage by starting fires and inflicting

burns on exposed persons. This radiation causes "flash burns" on exposed skin of people and permanent eye damage to the eyes of people looking directly at the burst.

The blast, or shockwave, is a high pressure shock front that develops a fraction of a second after the explosion and moves outward from the fireball at the speed of sound killing exposed people depending on the explosion yield. A 10 megaton bomb, for example, would cause severe damage to wooden frame structures 13.7 miles from the blast and 50% probability of death to exposed people 12 miles from the blast.

Fallout is defined as that which is emitted later than one minute from the explosion. The effects vary but there are two main types of fallout - early fallout, that which reaches the ground during the first 24 hours following a nuclear explosion; and delayed fallout, that arriving after the first day. Early fallout, that arriving after the first day. Early fallout is capable of producing radioactive contamination over areas adjacent to the explosion site with an intensity great enough to present an immediate biological hazard. Delayed fallout consists of very fine invisible particles which settle in low concentration over a considerable portion of the earth's surface. There is no immediate danger to health although there can be a long term radiation hazard in addition to their immediate effects. According to the American Encyclopedia the most effective way to explode the bomb is underground. Exploding the bomb underground creates an extremely hot fireball with lots of residue. The prompt radiation drops particles in the immediate vicinity. The thermal radiation melts the soil and vaporizes

water. The blast leaves a crater, a 1 megaton bomb detonated 1200 feet below the surface would leave a crater 2400 feet in diameter and 800 feet in depth. It seems our weapons, over the years have gotten more powerful, and leave more suffering to the people effected.

The purpose of nuclear weapons are to kill as many people as possible, with the least destruction of property. Do we value property that much more than human life? One might conclude that from the development of nuclear arms, would there be hope for the human race if a third world war broke out using nuclear weapons? Would anyone win this kind of war. Probably the most important question concerning nuclear is, "Would anyone really be fool enough to start this kind of war?". When people don't trust each other they sometimes do illogical things. If countries don't trust each other they could do illogical things also. There could be a mistake in which, through computer error or something, one country could let off a bomb without knowing it. With terrorism at its height in the '80's, there is also a possibility of terrorists launching an attack after getting a hold of nuclear weapons. If a major nuclear war did break out, which is a great possibility, there would be no getting away, no hiding place. People have said that you can go underground in cement bomb shelters, but if a bomb was dropped the heat from the fireball would be so intense that it would make the cement shelter into an oven (according to Martin Ceindin's When War Comes: the Domsday Book for a Nuclear Age). Dr William F. Libby, a renowned nuclear scientist and former member of the Atomic Energy Commission, believed in building shelters, so he built one. He built it behind his home in the Bel Air section of Los Angeles. After he built it, a brushfire in that section of Los Angeles left his shelter a charred and worthless ruin. In other words, there is no way to protect yourself against nuclear weapons, or if the government does know some way, they aren't telling us about it.

Just how many people would die in an all out nuclear war? If another country decided to attack the U.S. with 10,000 megatons in bombs aimed at major U.S. cities, 200,000,000 people would die and almost all would be subject to severe radiation and disease.

Civilization, as we know it, would perish. There would be few doctors and few standing buildings. Could we start over again? If we did we would have to start from scratch. A new society of survivors would develop. This society would probably be based on violence, after all, that would be how it came into existence. Would anyone want to live through a nuclear war?

War may have had it's purpose at one point in history because it brought about change, but when dealing with nuclear war, we are dealing with total destruction. There are a lot of unanswered questions about it and a lot of strong emotions involved, but ignoring the arms race won't make it go away. We must learn the facts about nuclear arms and take a side -- before it's too late.



The last man on Earth struggled for air. His chest heaved, his nails gouged at the demolished soil. He gasped for his last breath of corroded air. He rolled over for the last time.

COMPLEX

faces

Barbara Ray, complex columnist

VICTIM: KAPPA COMPLEX

Simple pleasure, simple minds

A tribute to the Eckerd mentality

Yes children, Auntie Barb has been given the illustrious privilege of writing a column for this grand publication. Her assignment is to record her very own, often distorted personal observation of the various housing complexes here at Eckerd College.

The first victim of my oh-so humble pen is Kappa Complex, former residence of your's truly.

Let me give you some background information on this insane asylum. Kappa is a co-ed, mostly upperclassmen complex which makes Eckerd seem more country club than academic institution.

There are some definitely interesting personalities here, some of which are still roving, though it's now 2:45 am. Cries of "Hey dudes!" penetrate even the thickest of concrete block walls and distastefully painted metal doors.

Oh, there is a small insect problem here that I have just been reminded of by several screams of "Oh a roach!" and "Where did it go!?" even I have encountered creatures here that could pass for Volkswagens with wings. The only thing that seems to even make these mutants is a can of Raid-used as a blunt instrument not as an insecticide. We can only hope that no more small pets disappear before the bug spray man rides to the rescue on his gallant white stud.

It's now 3:25 am and I am definitely convinced that no one in Kappa ever learned to read a clock. People, though intoxication levels are undoubtedly high, are still moving out there. In spite of their slightly distorted speech and confused equilibrium, I must admire the stamina of the all-night partier.

The real partying here in Kappa begins about 5:00 pm on any and every given day. Cheap beer, dark and light rum, vodka, rootbeer schnapps (yes, boys and girls, rootbeer) and all forms of illegal substances can and will be encountered during the next 12 incoherent hours of near existence. These people have found a way to pervert almost every innocent game into something involving alcohol. Trivial Pursuit is popular, though after about a half hour, the only answer seems to be Marlon Brando. This amazing man is a Hall of Fame golf pro, is a sport involving helprins, and the object of something called tuchedahphobia, among other things. Monopoly is also quite interesting when played with full shot glasses instead of money. The first person to passout owning 3 hotels is the winners, or so I'm told.

Navigating the halls of the dorms while in an intoxicated state is often quite a feat. Bedframes,

boxes, garbage cans, lumber, and numerous empty beer cans litter the so-called walking area. The staggering drunk often become the walking wounded.

One of the most hazardous occurrences for the living but brain-dead took place during the Hurricane Elena scare. Kappaites, upon being informed of impending doom, immediately made for Abbie's to purchase liquor, and an official "Hurricane Party" was declared. By the time rumours of evacuation began circling, only the lucky and exceptionally coordinated were able to walk in a straight line. Joyous and of course intoxicated yells of "I'm too dumb to die," and "Happy Hurricane!" echoed through the luggage laden halls. Many jubilant partiers began arriving from the evacuated Cowboy lounge. One of said jubilant proceeded to don her ski-jacket, declaring triumphantly that at least she was definitely not going to drown this night.

Packing for this excursion was an adventure in itself. One person (she with the ski-jacket) chose only the travelling essentials - at least in her not-quite sober opinion. One cassette tape, one package of Wrigley's Spearmint, and, "Don't leave home without it" one bag containing a slightly illegal substance. When told that she might possibly need a toothbrush, her slurred reply of "why?" made everyone wonder.

Speaking of toothbrushes, a well-known character showed up in the halls of Morris House with a rather interesting member of the species. She was more than delighted to demonstrate its bizarre magical powers to us privileged onlookers. As she began to brush her teeth, the instrument began to emit - okay, brace yourself - several bars of "When the Saints Go Marching In." We were absolutely enthralled! Ecstatic! One of the spectators was so impressed that she uttered the most popular phrase in Kappa, soon to become complex motto: "Oh fuck."

"Oh fuck" is an all-emotion-encompassing phrase (as if anyone's ever really thought about it seriously). This colorful expression can be heard at any given moment in Kappa. Some appropriate occasions for its utterance include the following: AWE: The talented toothbrush, of course; DISGUST: Upon spotting an insect large enough to ingest your cat; HORROR: When you realize that you haven't started tomorrow's paper, and it's 2:00 am; PAIN: When you run into the same door for the fourth time, intoxicated, as usual; JOY: Your best friend buys you two cases of beer "to make your room more interesting, honey"; ECSTASY: The gorgeous person from the dorm next door finally propositions you. And the list goes on.

Yes children, this concludes our little venture into the world of the true Kappaite. Don't miss the next issue, as no one knows who my next victim may be.

Much thanks to the great people in Kappa - the few and deserving - you know who you are.

DO YOU WANT TO PAY A TAPING TAX?



If Not, Here's How to Fight Back.

Record company big-wigs want you to pay a tax every time you buy a blank tape and every time you buy audio recording equipment. They're pushing Congress to tax you. And to send them the money.

A dollar or more on every blank tape. 10-25% on cassette decks, boom boxes, portable stereos, or anything else you use to record.

The record companies say home taping hurts them. The truth is they can't be hurting too much. Last year, they hit new highs in sales and profits. Maybe they just want to take a few bucks from your pocket to put in their own.

What do you think?

Do you want to pay them a tax to tape a record so you can play it in your car? Do you want to pay them a tax when you tape a lecture? How about a tax for the tape you use in your telephone answering machine, or the tape of your little boy's birthday party, or the tape of your daughter's first trumpet solo?

Can you stop this tax? Yes! Here's how.

Call us. Our toll-free number is
1-800-282-TAPE.

Write us. Use the coupon to the right.

THE AUDIO RECORDING RIGHTS COALITION is a coalition of consumers, retailers and manufacturers of audio products dedicated to preserving your right to use these products free of private taxes or government interference.

TO: **Audio Recording
Rights Coalition**
P.O. Box 33705 • 1145 19th Street NW •
Washington, DC 20033

Please tell my representatives in Congress that I oppose H.R. 2911 or any legislation that would impose taxes on audio recorders or blank tape.

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Phone _____

Signature _____



"Managing Stress"

Evidence continues to accumulate linking stress to tension headaches, heart disease and other physical disorders in this fast-paced world we live in. Sixty percent of all head pains are caused by tension and stress. Stress and tension could be dangerous, but you can help eliminate it, or at least manage it, first by being aware of the symptoms and second by using a few simple techniques to relieve stress.



Symptoms may include forgetfulness, painful headaches, depression, decision-making difficulties, disorganization, eating and sleeping disorders, and confusion.

To help combat stress and tension, the following techniques are suggested. Find a caring listener and talk about what is bothering you. Find an outlet for your pent-up frustration, resentment or anger — exercise works for many, others find that a hobby, such as needlework, pleasure reading or drawing, provides relaxing diversion. It's important to balance work and recreation. Try to get more involved with friends and family in relaxing, entertaining activities. Relaxation techniques are also an effective way to help combat stress. When you feel tense, sit or lie down and use any number of breathing techniques such as this one: take a deep breath through your nose, hold for a second, then slowly release the air through your mouth over a period of about 30 seconds. For the next 30 seconds, relax, breathing with your abdomen, not your chest. Then repeat this exercise. If the weather is nice, try a short walk or a 20-30 minute workout at the local gym. If you can't get away, place a cool towel on your head, darken the room, and close your eyes for a few minutes.

If any lingering headache or unusual symptoms develop, consult your physician immediately. Your personal physician may also have other suggestions on how you might combat stress.

This is a medical message from the Florida Medical Association on behalf of the doctors of Florida presented as a public service feature of this publication

A freshman finds herself at Eckerd College

Heather Hanson, staff writer

I left a town where I'd lived my whole life to attend a college that I'd never seen before, nor did I know anyone else attending the school. I was taking a chance because I hadn't really explored Eckerd, but at Eckerd what I've come to explore is myself. From talking with other freshmen, it seems that we all ask ourselves the same questions. "Who am I," "What do I want out of college?" "What am I going to do with my free time?"

You get to college and there's no Mom and Dad to tell you when you should come in, or that it's about time you brought up your Chemistry grade. You can leave your room a mess, not wash your clothes for weeks, and get drunk every night. But it's all up to you. You make the decision whether to join Eck TV or Intramural sports. You decide to spend the day at the beach and end up paying the price by staying up until 4:00 am doing your Lit. paper. And then the paper comes back with a D- so you sit down and ask yourself, "What do I want out of College?" It's a question only you can answer, and the answer will probably change many times throughout your college career.

It seems that college life is never constant. Our biggest buddies during Autumn Term now only say a casual hi. Romantic relationships are less than "romantic", for most only last a few days. Where are we tried and true high school friends that understood all our moods? The absence of old securities from home and the uncertainty of new relationships at Eckerd knocks us off balance. We feel our personalities changing; we question our strengths and weaknesses; we may even do things we thought we'd never do. And then we stare at a blank sheet of paper, searching for the words to explain Odysseus' actions, when we can't even figure out our own actions. We ask ourselves "Who am I?" Part of finding out who we want to be means trying out different personalities to see which one we like best.

Great! No classes today! So what do you do? You could stay in your room and clean things up and write letters. Or you could go to the pool and socialize, or you could play catch, or you could take out a canoe, or you could go visit Paul, or Sera, or your friends at Kirby, or...or... I ? . Maybe you should do your homework first, then decide.

We are often overwhelmed by this question, What am I going to do with my free time? With so much less time in classes, so many more options of activities, and so many people to do things with, we're forced to make a mental priority list of who and what makes us happiest.

The freshman year is quite a mixture of confusion, fun, learning, growth, and lots of questioning yourself. With all the uncertainty, you may wish your freshman year was over and done with. But you know what? College life may get easier, but the questions don't stop. I've heard upperclassmen as well as adults contemplating "Who am I?", "What do I want out of college (this job, this marriage, my life)?" "What do I want to do with my free time?" Life is a series of changes, growth, and development of oneself, so we might as well get used to it. Don't get so caught up in your social life that you forget to answer your questions, but don't get so caught up in the questions that you don't have fun.

Games people play

Brian Mahoney, Eck-life writer

Ever notice that spare time is the only kind of spare that everybody's always trying to get rid of? Spare tires, spare change and spare soap; now these, on the other hand are among a student's most valuable possessions.

So, what is it about spare time that people hate so much that they always want to murder it? (Yeah, I have an hour to kill before class).

I think it's a relationship problem myself... people just don't know what to do with spare time.

Most people, that is.

Some people are so ambitious that they schedule a year's worth of life between a given Sunday and the following Saturday. Ask them about spare time and they'll say, "Spare time? What's that? One of Einstein's theories? Blackhole? What? I've never heard of the thing".

For these folks and the ruthless, previously mentioned "time killers", I introduce recreation Eckerd style as a possible "salt talk" in the cold war against spare time.

Remember walking through the dormitories and noticing a group of guys intently kicking what looked like a pin cushion back and forth at each other? You probably thought they were simply weird and this was just their method of expression, but actually there is a theme to this madness.

The game is called hacky-sack, named after the ball (or pin cushion) which is actually kind of a leather bean bag. The object is to juggle the ball (which will henceforth be referred to as "the hacky", "the heck", or simply "the sack") using only the feet and knees.

"What could there possibly be to gain from such an insane concept", you ask? "A lot," I answer.

The sport was actually invented by a University of Texas football player for the purpose of knee rehabilitation. The dexterity needed for this game builds excellent eye-leg-foot coordination.

Because of the positions the knees and ankles must reach during the heat of play, ligaments and muscles are stretched and toned to an amazing extent.

"So who wants muscular ankles", you say?

Well the fact of the matter is Hackey-sack is one of the most injury preventive things you can do for the lower half of your body. Professional athletes can often be seen "wacking the sack" as a warm-up exercise before games.

But one of the best things about this sport is that anyone can do it. You don't have to be big or strong or fast or smart (or male) to play. All you need is patience and a little coordination. It's a great way to burn off a few calories after dinner, get some juices flowing before a class or just to break up the monotony of the day.

But because some people believe that legs and ankles have plenty to do just carrying us around all day (without getting into the juggling scene), the

more popular game of frisbee was invented.

The flying disk became popular in the 60's, but has been celebrating a renaissance here at EC for years now.

A crook of the elbow and flick of the wrist gives "having a catch" a whole new twist. Throwing a frisbee is like hunting a skunk - if you can't judge the wind direction, you'd be better off staying away from it.

As a wise man once put it, "frisbees thrown astray go a long, long way".

Unlike a ball, frisbees glide on air and have a tendency to carry which ever way the wind blows. That's not to say that frisbees are only fair weather friends, however. Experienced "bee" people use a strong wind to their advantage and can do remarkable things in such instances.

For the beginner, frisbee can be an enjoyable alternative to football or baseball catches because there is less arm strain involved. Played in wide open fields, "bee" is great for relaxing the mind while casually "shooting the breeze" (as it were) with a friend.

There are all sorts of offshoots of this basic game such as "frisbee football", "frisbee golf", and "freestyle frisbee". There is a game for everyone so next time you have a half-hour between classes, pick up a "bee" and give it a buzz.

The final game I recommend as a leisure lift is a sport for the more active folks. Hackey-sack and frisbee can be intensely competitive but generally are regarded as relaxed, low-key recreation.

"Paddle-ball" however, is geared more to the hyperactive, "Let me smack something" individual. This great game is played by two people who stand several yards apart and slam a rubber ball back and forth at each other with wooden paddles. This fast paced, high tension sport is excellent for the reflexes and another buldier of coordination.

"Paddlemania" can most often be noticed on the beaches and is almost as fun to watch as it is to play.

However, in the beginning, like "hackey", much patience is required because, like frisbee, once missed much ball chasing is involved.

Heck, you could work up as much of a sweat trying to run down one of those wayward superballs as you could hitting it. But once you've mastered the technique and you become engaged in some heated volleys the game is a blast, both literally and figuratively.

So next time you're sitting around like a lump on a log, inhumanely suffocating your spare time into extinction, why not grab the bull by the horns, run out there and wack that "sack", fling that "bee" or paddle your brains out.

I mean, why not? You probably have more spare time than even you can kill anyway.

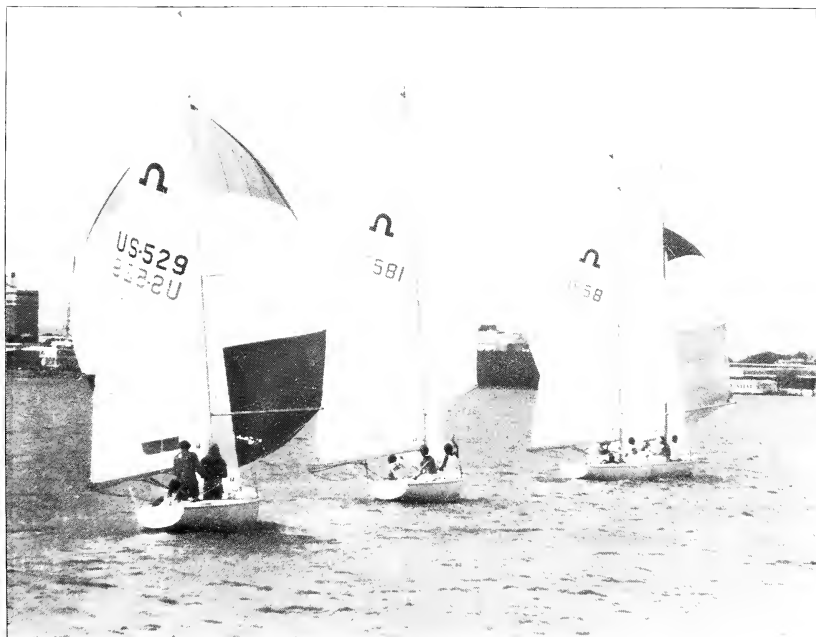
Sports

Sailing anyone?



The sailing team makes its place known in SAISA

Last semester marked a very crucial time for the Eckerd College Sailing team. Even though funded by the Waterfront, (under the jurisdiction of Student Affairs) the team turned to ECOS twice for money to attend two very important regattas. The return to the team and the school was well worth this rather unorthodox turn of events. The team is now placed first in Florida and second overall in the South in Sloop competition. In dinghy competition, the team is also placed first in Florida. Extremely confident after a very successful last semester, team captain, Bruce Lee says, "We've got a good shot at #1. Eckerd College will be known for its sailing. We're going to become a major factor in the south and in the nation!" (Left: One of the nation's top female competitors, Courtney Becker, and freshman David White sail at the crucial Sloop Championship.)



Sailing photos taken on location by Bruce Lee

Coach Leonard: the biggest "giver" we have

Robin Dunn, Sports Feature Editor

Arriving as a freshman, one of the first things I remember is the classic line, "Eckerd is made up of givers." I think I have found the best example Eckerd has for the motto of "giving". His name is Jack Leonard and he is the hitting coach for the baseball team.

Many of you do not know who Jack Leonard is. Well, if you have ever been to an EC baseball game, you may have noticed the man in the wheelchair. That man happens to be one of the most respected coaches at Eckerd. It is certainly not because of his disability either; he has earned his respect by his professionalism and dedication. "He's the best hitting coach I've ever had. He's always there to help," states Junior George Garcia.

27 years ago coach Leonard was on a recreational ski trip when he was in an accident which resulted in a broken neck and paralysis. During this time, his wife was expecting her second child. The child was born while he was in the hospital.

After leaving the hospital some 11 months later, Coach Leonard was asked to return to his old coaching job. However, he would now be assistant coach rather than head coach.

When he first moved to Florida, he got a job as receiving coach for the Lakewood High School football team. He then decided to take on baseball rather than football. This took him to a job at St. Petersburg Catholic as hitting instructor for their baseball team. It was at this time Coach Leonard really got involved in baseball.

After coaching at St. Petersburg Catholic, he and the head coach were offered positions at Pinellas Park High School. They both transferred but soon the driving time and expense was not feasible for he and his wife. He then started looking for another job.

Coach Leonard got in touch with Coach Mayotte. He gave his qualifications and Coach Mayotte decided to give him a try. Coach Mayotte made it clear to Coach Leonard that he would have to prove himself as a coach, not only to him but also to the players.

That was five years ago and now it would be hard to imagine Eckerd baseball without Coach Leonard. In a recent interview I had the opportunity to speak with him about his personal involvement with EC baseball. When asked how important baseball was to him, he replied, "My reason for living, other than my family is baseball". He went on to say that he "gets more out of the kids than he could ever give them back."

When I asked Coach Leonard if he felt that his condition was a disadvantage to his coaching, he said, "Definitely not. When the good Lord takes something away he always gives you something back. Maybe he thought I could do a better job sitting down," and a good job is what he does. "He's a great person as well as a great coach. He does his job as capable as anyone possibly could," said Head Coach Mayotte. According to many of the baseball players, he's nothing but great. "He's one of the greatest and most influential persons I have ever met in my life," stated Junior Andy Harter.

Coach Leonard is constantly reviewing different hitting techniques. He studies different theories, breaks them down and then develops his own theories. He never stops trying to improve the Eckerd hitters.

We have one of the best Division II College Leagues and a large amount of that success must go to the coaches.

Coach Leonard says he is only a small part in the large program. However, if you look at the statistics, in 1984 we filled six of the top ten hitting positions in the Sunshine State Conference. Last year we had the best hitting average in the Conference. This year should also be a successful year. Although Coach Leonard does not like to pat himself on the back there's plenty of others doing it for him. "He's a father figure to everyone. He's there not only for Baseball but for any problem a player may have," stated senior Mark Morowski.

I feel Coach Leonard is not only an asset to our Baseball Team but rather the whole Eckerd Community.

Fall semester intramural action

Eric Toledo, sports staff

Intramural sports have been within the Eckerd College community since the mid to late 1960's. Barry McDowell, Director of Student Activities, stated that he has noticed the increasing interest of intramural sports among the student body. "As the years go by, I can see the growth of participation and interest in intramural activity. I'm pleased with the way they are being run," McDowell stated.

Men's Intramural here at Eckerd College are represented by having one dorm playing against one another. A schedule is made so that each dorm plays each other for the best win-loss records. There are division standings, and at the end of the regular season the owners of the best win-loss records will then meet for the championship. The sports covered

by Intramurals are football, basketball, street hockey, volleyball, softball and soccer.

Intramural sports are taken differently by different people. You can find those who take intramurals very seriously. Some dorms even hold practice sessions in comparison to some dorms. Then, you can also find many people who could care less about intramural sports. Some dorms have even held grudge matches against other dorms for quite some time.

Getting involved with intramural sports can have its good points and bad points. One major bad point is that there is always the chance of one getting injured, but by getting involved, you are carrying out tradition and also, it's one quick way of getting into shape.

A semester's events captured in pictures

Mary Zornik



Zeta Halloween



WECR'S T.G.I.

(previous page) Who is that clown at the annual Zeta Complex Halloween party?; (left) Last semester's events brought out many Eck-babes. Pictured here is proud daddy Barry McDowell with Brynn Meagan at the Homelycoming game. (right) Nancy Vincent enjoys the characteristics of a good TGI: good food, beer, frisbee and music!



Mary Zimnik

Delta and the Day student's Kon-Tiki

Below shows the Gamma complex raft making their super effort in the Kon Tiki competition. Epsilon won first place, the day students won most creative with their Flinstones mobile, and faculty members David Cozad and Peter Hammerschmidt won the illustrious "Titanic!" Notables: Zeta's raft unexpectedly fell apart seconds into the race. Apparent raft captain, Billy Crombie, then desperately tried to latch onto any available vehicle! IMPACT's hero award goes to Kappa's lone star Paul, who started out way ahead in first place, but ran out of gas—too bad! (left) Scott Johni you were made for a tricycle! This freshman meant racing business at the first E.C. Fun Olympics held during Autumn Term.



Steve Wilcox





The curious manatee
Florida's most
harmless resident




Shana Smith, science writer

A snorkeler glides through crystal-clear springwater. Below him, on the densely vegetated bottom, graze fat mullet and pinfish and other fresh and estuarine fish species which thrive in the mixed aquatic habitat.

He stares straight ahead, searching for a manatee. With outstretched arms, he approaches a noticeably curious manatee: it allows him to stroke the long body for several minutes before turning and swimming lazily away.

MANATEES
continued on page 40



WECR—spinning
twelve to twelve



Mary Zimnik, Editor

Cheryl anxiously clenches a wad of paper. This decision will do it. Will LC give her the survey? Will LC give her the right and means to do what no other station manager has done before? . . . will they put her on the air?

"WECR: Where Eckerd College Rocks . . ." the words are music to her ears. She's on the air!

Thanks to Cheryl Burke, Martin Lane WECR is on the airwaves!!!

MUSIC

Cheryl Burke, WECR station manager, worked long hours using much determination to prepare a proposal to LC for the means to get her station broadcast to every dorm on campus.

What she finally presented to the LC was one out of three possible solutions, centering her greatest attention on what was most feasible for ECOS.

The following lists the three possibilities, the last evolving into the proposal that LC unanimously passed on October 16, 1985:

- 1) continue to broadcast as has been done in the past, hitting only the Pub and barely receiving in a few dorms
- 2) find an FM or AM frequency and broadcast locally following all FCC regulations
- 3) have a survey done to improve use of equipment already owned by ECOS, WECR

According to the proposal submitted to LC Burke felt that "the first alternative is... not even to be considered. If we continue to broadcast as we are at present, the radio station will continue to have personnel problems and will never become a reliable organization."

WECR Assistant Manager, Martin Lane, also saw this as an undesirable solution. "It would be like beating a dead horse till it's gone. Anyway, we've been telling the D.J.'s that eventually we'd be on the air. It's important for us as leaders to keep our promises, or we'll lose them (the D.J.'s)."

The second solution was far more complex.

Going to an FM or AM frequency would involve a lot of complications and forced responsibilities on future station managers and the school administration itself.

Because going FM would force the wattage to that which exceeds the Eckerd boundaries, of which is not an option "at this time", the only other answer is AM.

Doing this would involve the installation of one centrally-located transmitter, which involves the simplest maintenance. But, according to Burke's proposal, "the cost and red tape are prohibitive. As a station applying for a license, we are responsible for hiring someone to find a frequency for us. We are also responsible for following local zoning laws and giving local public notice stating that we will be broadcasting. After all of this is done, we can then apply for a license to use that specific frequency."

She continues, "The FCC does not require, but strongly suggests, that legal and engineering advice be sought in filling out the application.



"The solution is to bring a surveyor to campus." - Cheryl Burke, manager

While the exact cost will depend upon a number of variables, legal and engineering services are typically expensive.

"Finally, if we get a license... the equipment will have to be purchased and installed. A conservative estimate of the time involved would put us on the air around November, 1986 barring any time consuming difficulties."

The process is actually simple, but time consuming.

Burke's only hurdle to get this through LC was to explain the high cost of the survey.

The total cost was \$1070.00.

The reason for this was that the only company able to do this particular job is located in Philadelphia. The costs included round-trip airfare, labor charges for the actual survey, and car rental and accommodations.

But, as Burke ends in her proposal, "We realize that this is expensive, but (we) can see no other alternative at this time... As we stated earlier, the purpose of this radio station is to broadcast. If we cannot do this, we will lose our D.J.'s (at present we have 90 of them) and any chance at becoming an organization that can reliably serve the Eckerd Community."

Ok, Burke and Lane got their survey and are now on their way to total campus broadcast. But, why has it taken so long?

According to Dean Mark Smith, it wasn't until Harry Goldsbrough, former ECOS President (1982-84) did any solid activity occur. "He amazingly revitalized WECR," adds Smith.

Lane suggests that since that time, each manager has dealt with and conquered one particular piece in the puzzle. What has developed is sort of a ladder, each year building upon the previous one.

Regardless of the method, much has to be said about this year's management team.

Both Burke and Lane have been here since early August cleaning, recovering, restylizing, and remodeling an entire media.

They continue their dedication ensuring everyone a show, airing between 12:00 pm and 12:00 am, and putting in at least 30 hours between them each week.

Having already put out three major campus-wide events, two TGI's and co-sponsored with ECK TV a video dance, WECR still has much to do.

Burke, despite a frustrating and demanding job, still feels that WECR has "the potential to crank!"

And now that they're broadcasting throughout the campus, Lane adds that "air waves add another dimension... we hope we can keep our expectations in the air!"

This solution not only is costly, time consuming, and filled with red tape, but it will change the nature of WECR. No longer will there be the freedom to do any show as a D.J. pleases.

Lane adds, "It would take a lot of work on our part. I personally don't want to follow FCC regulation."

The third solution, in the opinion of both Burke and Lane, is the most feasible.

After being informed that the existing equipment is the best one can purchase, the two decided to investigate the reason why the equipment wasn't working properly. Obviously, the installation was the problem.

Burke points-out in her proposal, "The solution is to bring a surveyor to campus."

Once here, the surveyor would carry a portable transmitter to each complex lounge, testing the best placement for the permanent complex transmitter. Once this site has been discovered and recorded on their "site sheets", the campus electricians can re-situate the permanent transmitters for the best reception.

A defense against cancer can be cooked up in your kitchen.

There is evidence that diet and cancer are related. Some foods may promote cancer, while others may protect you from it.

Foods related to lowering the risk of cancer of the larynx and esophagus all have high amounts of carotene, a form of Vitamin A which is in cantaloupes, peaches, broccoli, spinach, all dark green leafy vegetables, sweet potatoes, carrots, pumpkin, winter squash, and tomatoes, citrus fruits and brussels sprouts.

Foods that may help reduce the risk of gastrointestinal and respiratory tract cancer are cabbage, broccoli, brussels sprouts, kohlrabi, cauliflower.

Fruits, vegetables and whole-grain cereals such as oatmeal, bran and wheat may help lower the risk of colorectal cancer.

Foods high in fats, salt- or nitrite-cured foods such as ham, and fish and types of sausages smoked by traditional methods should be eaten in moderation.

Be moderate in consumption of alcohol also.

A good rule of thumb is cut down on fat and don't be fat.

Weight reduction may lower cancer risk. Our 12-year study of nearly a million Americans uncovered high cancer risks particularly among people 40% or more overweight.

Now, more than ever, we know you can cook up your own defense against cancer.

No one faces cancer alone.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY



Honduras:

The poverty must be seen to be believed

Lee McArthur, staff writer

The deep rumble of the jet attempted to lull my thoughts; however, visions of little men in green suits with machine guns strapped to their shoulders swinging from trees filled my mind. Endless chatter with my father could not possibly break the nervous waves that rippled through my body. I tried to think of a tropical sun on a beautiful beach bathing my body with its warmth. I imagined sailing across the beautiful Gulf of Mexico, some 30,000 feet below.

My dreams were jolted to reality with the sound of the landing gear being lowered, and my stomach began knotting. I can see the headlines, "Journalism Student

Murdered In Honduras!"

I seemed to glide down the aisles of the plane like a zombie, my mind lost from reality. Suddenly the dry, dusty heat pelted me in the face as I neared the outer world, far away from the safety of my air-conditioned cabin. Slowly adjusting to the new brightness, I began to realize that I was really in Honduras and had yet to be shot.

Anxiously I headed for customs with my oversized camera bag held close. The customs room, a non-airconditioned room with cement floors, stucco walls, and dusty, wooden benches used as searching tables, was filled with screaming children, mad and abrupt adults,

and "security guards," the little men with machine guns. Although the heat was penetrating deep in my body, the unfamiliar sight was sending cold chills through my body. I felt imprisoned in this tiny room, which was being so closely guarded by what appeared to be 16 year olds with machine guns.

The next thing I knew, I was back in the brilliant sun being ushered into a "taxi," a beat-up Corolla with a AM radio screaming foreign words at me. It was all so much like a dream. Even now, I feel as I was never there.

After arriving at the Osbornes' house, the missionaries with whom I was going to stay for a little



Lee McArthur

World Issues

I was unaware of this extreme of poverty.

over a month, I decided to venture out and see the neighborhood. I was shocked by the poverty I saw. Topless children playing in rock piles, bedraggled mothers nursing their tiny infants on their front porches and drunken, wandering beggars fill the streets of this quiet neighborhood.

The quiet did not last. As nightfall approached and mosquitos filled the air, the rumble of bongos echoed on and on for hours. Sounds of the younger generation belled beyond the peaceful stillness of the day. No longer did the sounds of palm branches rustling together sooth my frazzled nerves. I soon became hypnotized into a deep sleep that was only to be disturbed by the sun penetrating harshly through the thin cotton curtains.

On the days following my arrival, I walked all over this vast area of land filled with shacks and deteriorating stucco buildings known as La Ceiba, Honduras. I sought to learn more about these people and the culture in which they live.

During one of my first walks I discovered the Boy's Dorm and the House of the Elderly. Both are operated by the Peace Corp workers present in La Ceiba. With their limited funds, they opened up two separate buildings to offer bedding and food to the young men who live off the street as well as the older beggars doing the same. Together with the Episcopal missionaries present in La Ceiba, they are able to offer medical care for these men and boys in the charity clinic, recently opened up by the Episcopal missionaries. I had already heard about the places before I found them; needless to say, my image of them was inaccurate.

The Boy's Dorm was made up of three rooms: a kitchen, a large bedroom housing many bunk beds, and a small room with a large table surrounded by numerous chairs. The kitchen was very similar to the one I later found in the House of the Elderly. Partially outdoors, this small room seemed to be a conglomeration of old cooking utensils including an old grill that was placed over a burning flame. The little room was filthy, flies swarmed around aged food, and unkempt persons preparing the food, typically rice and beans.

The bedroom was living room size and had many wooden bunk beds made from various types and colors of used wood lining the walls. They covered the wood with tattered blankets to improvise for

a mattress. If the child was exceptionally lucky, he might have a pillow or perhaps a change of clothes piled at the end of his bed.

Attached to this room was a small cubicle that posed as a bathroom and continually leaked its pungent odor into the bedroom. After being in this room for only a brief moment I had to go outside to where the various odors were only faint.

The other room was empty except for the table and chairs. I learned that this room was used for a dining hall as well as a classroom. The Peace Corp workers were attempting to teach these young men some kind of trade. In order that their destiny would not always be reliant on the Peace Corp. I might add at this point that this was the only place that I noted any element of creativity. A young boy, Rene, was working with a Peace Corp worker to create designs for silk screening on T-shirts to sell at their yearly carnival. Rene was very artistic in his drawings, but like most youth, he needed to copy. I learned from Jody Osborne, a missionary teaching at one of the elementary schools, that the students are never asked for their own ideas, just the facts from the text. In other words, they do not enter a "learning experience" as we know it, but strive for memorization.

They are also copiers in that they do not create works of art like the Mexicans. Examples of indigenous culture are rare. They seem to strive to be North Americanized. Most of their stores contain cheap copies of North American items. The items sold appeared to me as leftovers from cheap North American department stores, but they cost double the North American price.

The House of the Elderly was very similar to the Boy's Dorm except it did not contain the dining hall. There were three rooms full of wooden bunk beds all attached to the kitchen and bathroom. The rooms were filled with flies and the wretched odor of sickness accompanied by human excretions and stale alcohol.

The sight of the older men brought tears to my eyes. The only men there at midday were the sick, weak ones. Bloated stomachs from hunger, alcoholism, and amoebes lay quietly on the hard wooden benches. I wanted to reach out and help each one of them. I knew I could not do anything.

There were many other beggars in the street that were either

unaware of this home or did not choose to take advantage of it. Late at night their bodies littered the park benches as well as the streets. They peacefully slept with their heads resting on debris, railroad tracks, or just their arms.

Amoebes started out as a great fear of mine. This parasite lives in the water here. They are easily caught from drinking the water or possibly through the food. Their existence in water can be attributed to many different things that could be easily overcome if only a few precautions were taken. First of all, the people bathe and excrete wastes in the river from which most of the water comes. The method for overcoming this problem is digging the water wells 80 feet below the surface as opposed to 50. There do exist certain elite neighborhoods that are practicing this method.

The sea bordering La Ceiba's beaches is also very polluted. This is due to the too small sewer system, which dumps all wastes directly into the sea. The water is polluted for miles out. Furthermore, seafood caught just off shore is not edible. One must go a great distance out to swim safely in the water or to catch fish safe to eat.

This is not the only pollution in La Ceiba; their society as well as their business world is filled with it. Next to prostitution, the black market holds a steady second for the quickest way to get rich. There are various stores around the city that handle North American products usually brought over illegally. It mostly consists of canned foods and electrical equipment. They are smuggled over and sold at ridiculously high prices at many times the North American price. An example of this can be seen in a simple can of Franco American noodle and tomato sauce mixture. A large can of this might be sold at approximately \$500.00; while irons, dorm room/ and travel style, are sold \$150.00. These prices speak of greed compounded by desperation. Overall, my trip to Honduras provided me with a much different perspective to life. Although many of the scenes I was able to see were not very pleasing to the eye, I feel as though I was privileged to be able to see them. I was unaware of this extreme of poverty. I had seen many pictures of places paralleling this poverty level, but somehow I did not believe it existed until this past June.

Put your conscience to work.

Public Interest Research Groups (PIRGs)

From Boston to San Francisco, from Ann Arbor to Fort Lauderdale, statewide Public Interest Research Groups (PIRGs) are offering graduating students a chance to make a difference on the issues facing America.

Originally inspired by consumer advocate Ralph Nader, PIRGs have been waging successful campaigns since 1971 to clean up toxic waste dumps, to protect consumers against business fraud and corporate abuse, to register voters and empower citizens, and to combat acid rain and other forms of environmental pollution.

Bringing student and citizen members together with a professional research and advocacy staff, the PIRGs are committed to a strategy of winning concrete changes in our society through hard work, creative ideas, and thorough organization.

Issue Campaigns

New members of the PIRGs' professional staff work at the front lines of campaigns to promote changes that benefit consumers and the environment. Past victories of the PIRGs include:

- **The National Student Campaign for Voter Registration:** a national effort that registered, educated, and mobilized hundreds of thousands of students to vote in 1984.
- **The Save Our Shores Project:** Florida PIRG's campaign which prevented former Secretary of the Interior James Watt from allowing oil companies to drill off the state's environmentally-sensitive Gulf Coast.
- **The Clean Water Action Project:** New Jersey PIRG's investigation which put an end to hundreds of violations of state and federal anti-pollution laws.

Among the PIRGs' current campaigns are:

- **The Campaign To Clean Up Hazardous Waste:** Massachusetts PIRG's grassroots lobbying effort to stop illegal toxic waste dumping, to clean up the dumps, to compensate the victims, and to reduce the production of hazardous waste.
- **The Citizens Utility Board Campaign:** Oregon PIRG's initiative to create a citizens' organization to intervene against unfair utility rates.
- **The Campaign for the Bottle Bill:** California PIRG's legislative lobbying campaign to make bottles and cans returnable in order to reduce litter and increase recycling.

Career Opportunities

Working with the PIRGs teaches you the skills of running grassroots political campaigns: how to research the issues, how to recruit and direct staff and volunteers, how to raise funds, how to organize media events, how to lobby legislators, and much more.

Due to the rapid growth of the PIRG movement, new staff often quickly earn the opportunity to take on positions of leadership in the organization. After a year's experience, for example, a new staff member may earn the chance to run a PIRG office or direct an arm of the PIRG staff.

How to Apply

If you're willing to work hard to get government, business, and the public to confront the issues facing America, apply today for a job with the PIRGs. Positions are available in 13 states. Organizing or campaign experience is preferred, but not required. Send a cover letter and a copy of your resume to: Janet Domenitz, Staff Recruitment Coordinator, Fund for Public Interest Research, 37 Temple Place, Boston, MA 02111, (617) 423-1796, or apply directly to the PIRG in which you are interested.

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Downtown St. Pete: the old and the new

What does your city have to offer? Pretty much anything—surprisingly. To the left, you see the old, above you see the new renovations, and below, is the amusing. The story behind the building below is worth knowing. Years ago an architect designed a beautiful church located in downtown St. Petersburg. However, the man behind the money decided not to credit this young architect and also not pay him for his job. In bitterness, the young designer did the following. He purchased a small plot of land, now at the base of the Pier, and built a miniature replica of the church. The twist? He designed it into a bathroom!!! Now the bathroom serves as a reminder of how a little guy can get back.



Photo Essay by Mary Zinnik





Andy Haines and his story

What really happened with the 1984 yearbook?

Mary Zimnik, Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is not the intent of this article concerning the absence of the Andy Haines' 1984 yearbook to open up any old wounds, or even to create any new ones. However, originally, it was my own personal intent to lay fault and blame respectfully where it belongs. This past summer I saw the creation of a human sacrifice in the form of a newly elected second-term president: Andy Haines. My own eyes and heart told me that fear from those who directly or indirectly were involved drove them into railroading Haines into a corner with a hard spotlight glaring in his "criminal" eyes. This summer I also saw those who, for whatever reason, took advantage of Haines' predicament to their own satisfaction. To my surprise, however, during the interview, Haines showed me that to find fault and blame solves no problems. He also kindly rationalized away some of what I thought was solid evidence against some of those people who themselves never took a fraction of the punishment Haines did. I still feel that it is important to note some of this previously unmentioned blame. I, for my own personal satisfaction, would like to remove some of the burden off of Haines' shoulders.

With a deep sigh, Andy Haines begins to tap away on the ECOS office computer keyboard. He has begun to write a letter.

"It is with my deepest regrets..."

His hands fall back onto his lap. He gazes around the office where he had said many times spent "the greatest part of his education at Eckerd College."

His eyes find their way back to the keyboard.

How can mere words say it? How can he explain to everyone everything he wants them to understand?

He re-reads: "It is with my deepest regrets..."

A passer-by outside the office unknowingly knocks on the window, smiles and waves. Almost automatically, Haines cheerfully returns the greeting.

He mounds the last two words on the terminal "deepest regrets" and types, "that I resign from the office of President of the Eckerd College Organization of Students..."

With sincere deepest regrets, Haines resigned from his office, effective August 5, 1985.

What really happened during Haines' term as LOGOS yearbook Editor in 1984, and why, almost two years later, did it partly result in his resignation?

Haines' story about his connection with LOGOS began early back in his freshman year in 1982-83. This was RoyAnne McWater's

first year as yearbook Editor.

Haines did very little on the book until the then Photography Editor, Bill Tattersall, resigned from his position three months into the year.

Dubbed as the "ultimate volunteer", Haines was convinced despite total lack of skills in photography to take over as Photography Editor. Tattersall very quickly taught Haines everything from the basics of picture-taking to total darkroom production.

In the end, Haines and McWater's put that year's book together themselves and were only slightly late.

By the end of his freshman year, Haines successfully accomplished what he set out to do. Enthusiastically, he had to decide "what did I want to do in my sophomore year?"

Harry Goldsbrough was then going for his second year as ECOS President. The Vice-presidency, Academic Affairs, and Student Activities Board Director (SAB) positions were fairly secured. So, Haines elected to go for Finance Director.

Unfortunately, he lost by only a few votes, and even after a bitter battle between the Legislative Council and the President, he was unable to forego the decision. Eileen Sherwood became the Finance Director.

In the mean time, McWater's had been accepted to take the fall

semester abroad and was unable to do the 1983-84 yearbook.

"I didn't want to do the yearbook," said Haines, "but, Harry pleaded with me. He didn't have anyone else to do it. I didn't have anything else to do, so I became Editor."

As requested by the Finance Committee, Haines put a budget through for an inexpensive book. Using the most inexpensive publishing company, Taylor Publishing, reducing pages, and limiting color, Haines followed the Committee's requests. The total budget was for approximately \$7000.

"Throughout the year, the book was looking good," Haines remarked. He was even able to obtain \$1600 worth of advertising, half of which went directly back to ECOS.

With the remaining \$800, Haines decided to extend his deadline and add 16 more pages to include graduation, baseball season, and other spring events. This would have been the first time these events could have been included.

According to Haines, "Some people liked the decision, some didn't. The Media Committee and LC both felt it was a good decision."

Everything was going well, until after the fall semester. "In the second semester, I started running into problems. First, the representative from Taylor resigned and no one replaced him. I then dealt with the secretary, but she was unfamiliar with the details of the job."

This was a crucial setback. The representative plays an important role in the production of a yearbook. He/she helps the Editor to keep deadlines, assists greatly in the practical layout, photography, printing, etc., and helps as the mediator between the Editor and the printer.

Without a representative familiar with the job, production could easily go by the wayside.

Haines also had other problems. He had many staff problems. For instance, he too lost his Photography Editor.

Also at this time, both Haines and his then Business Manager Kate

Johnson was running for ECOS offices (President and Finance Director, respectively). To run for office, Johnson resigned from her position as Business Manager. Other positions were also vacated, and only a very few staffers were left for actual production.

But, it was his missed deadlines that really hurt him the most. Without his Taylor representative, it became easier to miss those deadlines. He originally had four deadlines to deal with. He missed his second one in mid-February and after missing his April deadline, decided to add the extra 16 pages. All he now had to contend with was the final June deadline.

However, he was elected President, therefore having to only answer to himself.

Haines assumed he could finish the job over the summer with no problem. But, he misjudged all his summer responsibilities. He was an ELS Resident Advisor, fulltime worker for security, and showed all the summer program movies.

As a result, he had very little time to work on the 1984 LOGOS, let alone sleep.

Quickly, the fiscal year was ending (June 31), and Haines had to decide how he would pay-off the publishing company. (He had already paid \$4000 in advance and needed to finish the installment payment before the fiscal year ended when the ECOS money left would be absorbed back into the administration)

He made his decision and called the publishing company and orally made the agreement to send the remaining \$2000 before the book was finished. (Normally the last payment would have been made upon receiving the finished product)

The summer months seemed to glide by and Haines was already faced with his ECOS duties for Autumn Term, yet his book was still unfinished.

It was this time that Haines lled first to Dale McConkey, then Editor of the ECSPress.

He told McConkey that the book was finished completely and was at the printers.

Since the printers would need at least two months printing time, Haines assumed he could bluff for a short time until he could actually get the finished pages to the printer.

"Everybody believed me," Haines says about those he continued to bluff, "that says a lot for the students here... they do trust, it's not dog-eat-dog."

But, Haines' bluffs only got him deeper and deeper entangled in

his own web. That web would soon grow to become a tremendous burden for the remainder of his first year as President. According to Haines, "The rest of the year, I got wrapped-up in ECOS." How could he back out now? He had to maintain the illusion.

Soon the fall, winter and spring terms ended, and Haines faced his problem full force.

Two days before Haines left for summer vacation, Barry McDowell, Campus Activities Director, called Taylor to see what was going on, one year after the final June deadline.

He confronted Haines immediately with the truth about the 1984 book. Haines claims he then "played dumb." He maintained that the printers must be at fault.

By this time, this entire mess was becoming one of the worst experiences of his life. What started out being an unwanted volunteer position to help a desperate President, began to look like the end of his Eckerd career.

"I left campus after exams thinking I'd never be back. I didn't think I could take not being President."

After he left, Haines called the ECOS office every week, even though he was traveling all over the country.

It was soon after he left that the unofficial "Investigation" started.

It was during this "Investigation" by McDowell and newly elected Finance Director, Matt Brown, wild talk of impeachment began.

(According to the ECOS Constitution, during any sort of impeachment proceedings, the accused must be notified of the investigation. Haines was not. After much miscommunication, those involved with a private student "Investigation", disbanded and all "legal" investigation was handled by McDowell.)

A series of four phone conversations between Haines and different people on campus cleared-up any and all confusion. Haines was relieved to finally get everything out in the open.

His final phone conversation was with Vice-President Wayne Harwell. Harwell came back to campus one month early. He was contacted by a student on campus fearing that Haines was being improperly investigated.

It was after this final conversation that Haines decided to return to campus and make a decision about his next move.

After much careful thought, and after having received advice from McWaters, Chris Roby (his Vice-

President the previous year), and his new Vice-President, Wayne Harwell, Haines decided to draft-up his letter of resignation.

Now, reflecting on his decision, Haines feels it was "good to resign." He points-out strongly that the main reason he decided to go ahead and resign was actually because his academics were suffering. If that wasn't the case, he would have "stuck it out and fought for his position."

Haines is now lavishing in a successful past semester academically and as FISA, Inc. (Florida Independent Student association, Inc.) President.

Haines is a changed student. "My top priority is now my academics, then my personal and social life."

But, looking back, there was a time when ECOS was practically his entire life. No one before him put in the time, effort and heart "that Haines put into something that he knew might not reap any rewards."

It almost seems like all that effort didn't reap any rewards for him.

Do we look back and remember that Haines achieved two main goals during his presidency that he thought were next to impossible?

These two goals included strengthening two very important aspects of ECOS: (1) the medias; and (2) the Legislative Council (LC).

During his first term, Haines played a key role in helping Spencer Cook win his Eck-TV proposal and this Editor's IMPACT proposal. He also was integral in getting WECR on its feet after a near collapse.

Also during his term, Haines saw to it that LC had more returning students than ever before.

Lastly, there are countless students, staff, faculty, and administration that can recall a time or two when Haines offered out his hand in help above and beyond the "call of duty."

Do we remember any of that? Perhaps we should.

Haines most graciously ended his letter of resignation with a thank-you so reminiscent of Andy, once dubbed, "the ultimate volunteer":

"...I would like to take this opportunity to say thank-you and sorry to all those individuals who supported me and had faith in me... I only hope that in some measure I have made a difference for the better in their lives, as they have made a difference in mine."



How to live with someone who's living with cancer.

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Among our regular services we provide information and guidance to patients and families, transport patients to and from treatment, supply home care items and assist patients in their return to everyday life.

Life is what concerns us. The life of cancer patients. The lives of their families. So you can see we are even more than the research organization we are so well known to be.

No one faces cancer alone.



Manatees are Florida's most harmless residents. They won't hurt humans. But, because of their large size, their presence is formidable.

Dr. John Reynolds III, biology professor at Eckerd College and authority on the West Indian manatee, describes the sensations he felt when first diving with manatees as both startling and scary.

"The first place I dove to see manatees was in a murky, two-to-three-foot visibility, part-fresh lake filled with big alligators, tarpon, and possibly snakes. Suddenly, a ten-foot body appeared. Was it dangerous? Or was it a manatee?"

The animal which Dr. Reynolds saw was, in fact, a manatee, one of the most non-threatening animals existent.

Although of minimal economic importance to man, the aesthetic appeal of manatees is a value which cannot be calculated. They are an emotional resource threatened by the very species which appreciates them: namely, ourselves.

Manatees are marine mammals which belong to the order Sirenia. This classification refers to the old sirens of Greek mythology, hence the age-old tale of the manatee to the mermaid myth.

The species of manatee found statewide in Florida is *Trichechus manatus*, the West Indian manatee. Although its scientific name implies that it is walrus-like in body form, its face is more like that of a puppy; thus, the emotional appeal of manatees to most people is high.

Manatees are believed to have evolved about fifty million years ago in the Eocene epoch.

The oldest known sirenian fossils have been discovered in Jamaica, North Africa, and Egypt, and resemble the manatees Indo-Pacific relative, the dugong.

Terrestrial animals with which the manatee is probably related include elephants, aardvarks, and the rabbit-like hyraxes of Africa and southwest Asia.

Manatees are outstanding from their relatives in that they are totally adapted to an aquatic lifestyle, and even give birth to live young underwater.

Because they are mammals, manatees are warm-blooded and sensitive to cold temperatures. Florida is at the northern limit of their survival range; however, manatees thrive in the state's numerous springs, bays, and similar sheltered areas.

The nearest manatee

observation area is in the Alafia River, which is just south of Tampa. It has fairly murky water, and from the surface, observers can usually only see their snouts coming out.

A little farther away, but probably one of the most popular and well known manatee areas in the state, is the Crystal River, which is located about ninety miles north of St. Petersburg towards Cedar Key. Here, as its name suggests, the water is crystal clear and the manatees are

Divers often describe the manatees as "beautiful."

abundant.

Another famous area is Blue Springs, where the animals can be observed from a platform so you don't have to get wet if you don't want to. Other areas of winter aggregations include the warm water effluents of power plants, such as the one in Riviera Beach.

Divers often describe the manatee as "beautiful."

Perhaps what is most beautiful about these physically unusual animals is their peacefulness. They are not social, and yet the mother-calf bond is a strong one.

Another strong bond is the one which forms between a manatee and a human being. Some manatees seek human attention, and, more often, it is people who develop a fascination for the unusually beautiful animals after seeing them for the first time.

Despite this relationship, it is the power structures of humans which threaten manatees to the endangered level.

Powerboat props, flood control gates, and discarded fishing gear take a massive and needless toll on manatee survival, and although people do not (in most cases) want to harm manatees,

they do not want to sacrifice these power structures either. Therefore, a sort of competition between man and manatee has formed—one in which man can easily triumph.

But there are many people on the manatee's side.

Reynolds states that manatees "exemplify conflicts between human technology and growth and natural resources in general. Quality of life and diversity tied together makes me root for the manatee, even if I didn't study it."

Rooting for manatees is Reynolds' business. His major research has included field studies in manatee behavior and ecology, functional anatomy and pathology, with related studies on the harmful effects of flood control structures on manatees, and his present work which includes aerial surveys of manatee population sizes, distribution, and related factors.

Reynolds is a strong proponent of manatee protection and conservation.

"I'm called on occasionally to express opinions in particular developments of manatee protection. I guess probably my main role is giving talks to school groups, Audubon Society, this sort of thing."

He supports the three main laws which have been designed to protect manatees: The Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972 (federal), the Endangered Species Act of 1976 (federal), and the Florida Manatee Sanctuary Act of 1978 (state), which defines seventeen winter protected areas for manatees.

Although Dr. Reynolds agrees with the nature of these laws, he feels that their enforcement is lacking and can only be strengthened by hiring more patrol officers.

Manatees are about as Floridian as oranges. If you are new to Florida or have never seen live manatees before, take advantage of the coming months to observe them in their natural habitats.

You should, however, be aware of the laws which protect manatees. Both the federal and state marine mammal/manatee protection acts state that it is unlawful to harass manatees.

Harassment is defined as anything which changes the animals behavior, and may include the seemingly harmless act of chasing one around.

Watch out the fine for harassment is up to twenty thousand dollars or a year in prison.

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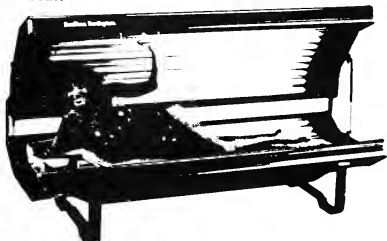


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Fiction



Popsicle Stick

Anonymously written

The warmth of the sun feels strong and secure against her face.

A tingle rips through her spine as the icy breeze from behind her creeps up as a remembrance.

Her smile vanishes from her face like a popsicle melting on the sidewalk, abandoned by a child.

She turns around, and once again, goes back across the bridge.

Again, she loses the battle...

"Coming along?"

"No, I've gotta study."

"Shanna, you never go anywhere. Either you have your face plastered in a book, or you're on your way to work. What really matters to you anyway? Once all this is gone, who will you have?"

A tingle ripped through her spine as the icy breeze from behind her creeps up as the cruel remembrance.

Shanna stared into her closet searching for the appropriate attire. She had to laugh realizing that all those foolish, still minutes spent staring into cotton, polyester, and nylon were a waste.

She wore what she had on.

She didn't really want to go. It wasn't that she minded the noise, or the booze. She just felt so out of place at times.

Who knows? Maybe she'd get lucky.

What's lucky to Shanna?

What's lucky to any of us?

Anyway, she went, and just like playing an old tape, she left within 15 minutes.

"What's the use anyway? This is all a bunch of shit," she'd quietly convince herself.

It never failed, it was like she asked, no begged for the pain. Every time she ignored her little voice. Every time.

"Where to now?" she'd ask the voice. "Well, there's always the beach." It seemed to answer.

And so, she drove.

Shanna loved the beach... at night.

It seemed to beckon her at times.

During the day, the beach was just another place to hang out and gawk, or be gawked at.

But at night.

At night the beach lit up with mysticism. The wind seemed to dance on the sand dunes. Moonbeams flickered on the water. It's a different world in the mystery of the darkness. All that black-ness makes you feel alone, makes you feel safe, secure. Even the few winos nestling in the sand had their own personal charm.

With the exception of an occasional couple of thrashing bodies in the dirt, it was a magical place to just...be.

Shanna at times would find herself endlessly strolling on what seemed like endless sand. For as long as she needed the beach, the whole world stopped and every grain was there for her.

She'd have to catch herself and silently command "Shan, turn around." That damn voice. Its smartass approach to being right irritated her.

Oh...ok, so she would turn back, knowing she'd have to go home. What else would she do, walk forever? Well, if only it wasn't for that damn voice...

"Hey Shan! Where did ya go last night? One minute you were right in front of me, the next you were gone. You're gonna drive me away. Hey, just kidding babe."

"I'm not your babe, asshole. But, I'm sorry. I... I got tired. Went home and took a nap. You're not pissed, are ya?"

"Clean up your mouth. No, I'm not pissed."

Frank was ok, really. Well, most of the time. What do you expect? He's of the male persuasion. Shanna always seemed to accept their attitudes.

Frank just isn't very receptive. But, that's no good excuse. Is it? She always thought that she was more than obvious. She figured that she was killing him with those subtle nuances and hidden bodily messages enough to let him know that all he had to do was open the door and he could come in. Maybe he didn't want in.

Or, maybe she didn't really want him in.

There they are again, those icy fingers slowly crawling up her spine, their emptiness burning flesh, yearning to clench tightly around her throat. She grasps with all her strength for life's breath. It's sweetness finally enters her lungs. She's safe, for now.

The smile vanishes from her face like a popsicle melting on the sidewalk, abandoned by a child.

Shanna didn't mind sitting in the Student Union alone. With books and coffee in hand, her fight was only against herself. Occasionally, though, she'd allow her eyes to wander studying those passing her up. They seemed so happy. They sure do hide their problems well. Why is it that I can't deal like them? Why can't I be beautiful and gleeful?

"Hey babe."

Her hesitation to respond clearly stated her resentment for his intrusion.

"Hey babe!" this time with a little more aggression.

"Oh, Frank, I didn't see you. What's up?"

"Shan, I thought you might want to take a study break and maybe hit the beach. When was the last time we went? Two, maybe three weeks? That shit can't be that intriguing. Does it beat this smile?"

The smile faded slowly.

"Frank, you know I hate the beach during the day. Why don't we take a drive along the coast. Maybe we can talk. I need to talk."

"Shanna, we talk all the time. When are we gonna have any fun?"

Shanna always hated the faded spot, left by his wallet on the back pocket of his jeans. It seemed to just represent another extension of himself. She especially hated it when she had to see it walk away from her.

"Why do I always say the wrong things to him? Why can't I make him happy?"

"I haven't seen the coast in a while." Jake startled her.

"What?"

"I said I haven't seen the coast. How about it?"

Jake's appearance always left Shanna unsettled. Something about him moved her, but in what way?

"Do you often listen in on other's conversations?"
"Do you often yell at your boyfriend in the middle of the Union?"

Hesitation.

"Frank's an ass, Shanna. Why do you always let him humiliate you like that? It tears me apart seeing him make a fool out of someone I like so much."

"Frank's not an ass. He really doesn't mean what he says. He loves me. I can't go anywhere with you. It would kill Frank."

In her fevered departure, she left behind her Psych. book.

Jake's connection.

Knock, knock.

"Who is it?"

"Shanna, it's me, Jake. Can I come in?"

The door mellowed open slowly.

"There's my book! I was wondering where I left it. I have a test tomorrow. Thanks."

Without hesitation, she tried to shut the door.

"Wait Shanna," his foot caught the shutting door, "Can I come in?"

That unsettled feeling crept back to her, but she ignored it. Jake's eyes seemed sincere. They beckoned her like the beach calling out to her and promising a fortress to the world.

The door fearfully opened its arms and he was let in. The bait was taken.

What do you say to a heart that has been torn out of your body and thrown against a wall that's impossible to penetrate? How do you answer questions of a mind too confused with dissolution to reason out all the pain. Who can convince a body to forget the torment it's survived and, yet, still enjoy the sensations it's suppose to?

Before he opened the door to leave Shanna's room, Jake simply zipped-up his Levi's and walked out as if nothing had happened. He didn't even bother looking back at the mess he left behind on the floor between the two beds.

Shanna didn't come to until about two hours later. She crawled toward her dresser and used the open drawer to hoist her beaten body up. The image of a face in the mirror before her wasn't hers.

It couldn't be.

The right eye had been hit so many times it seemed glued shut as blood trickled down from the lower eyelid. The mouth had been whipped and slashed with blows so much that the bottom lip disappeared. So much blood covered and streamed down from the nose that it could no longer take in life's sweet breath.

It couldn't be her.

The bruises and gashes trailing from the lower chin down to the ankles were battle wounds of a different kind.

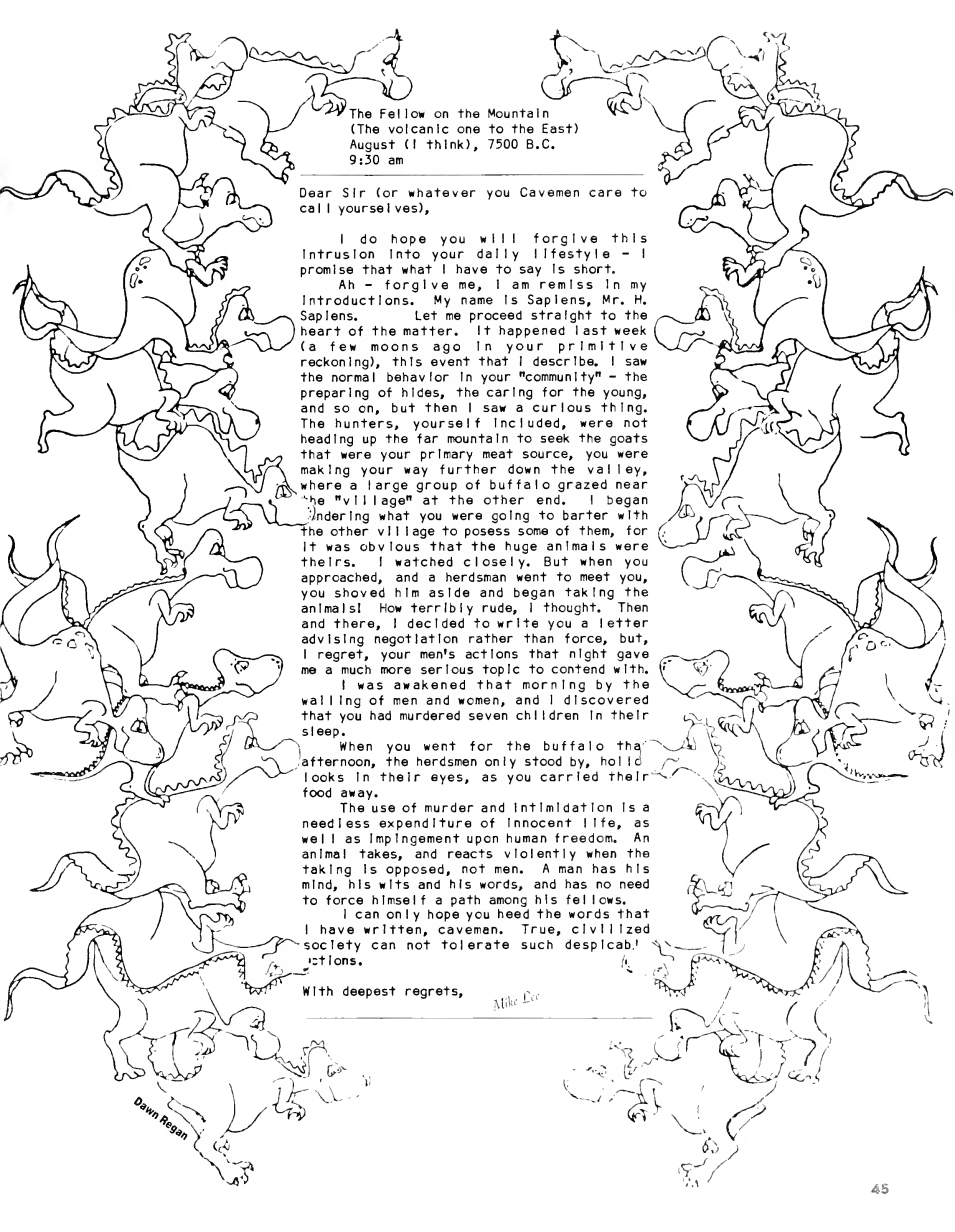
How could it be her... she couldn't feel a single sensation... except... the freezing burn of those icy, angry fingers.

Shanna kept her mind active with trying to avoid Frank and all his questions..."Where have you been?"... "Why don't you ever return a call?"... "Why are you avoiding me?"... Last but not least, "Was it something I said? Don't do this to me, I need you."

I NEED YOU I NEED YOU I NEED YOU I NEED YOU....

"When do I get to need? When do I get to be more than just a vessel through which people can be weak? When can I be weak? When?"

As her face softly touches the pillow and she gives in to her fatigue, one single tear glistens in the beam of a sun ray. And, as she casts-off into the solitude and serenity of her dreams she sees a little girl pick up the popsicle stick from the sidewalk and calmly walk over the bridge into the warmth of the light...



The Fellow on the Mountain
(The volcanic one to the East)
August (I think), 7500 B.C.
9:30 am

Dear Sir (or whatever you Cavemen care to call yourselves),

I do hope you will forgive this intrusion into your daily lifestyle - I promise that what I have to say is short.

Ah - forgive me, I am remiss in my introductions. My name is Saplens, Mr. H. Saplens. Let me proceed straight to the heart of the matter. It happened last week (a few moons ago in your primitive reckoning), this event that I describe. I saw the normal behavior in your "community" - the preparing of hides, the caring for the young, and so on, but then I saw a curious thing. The hunters, yourself included, were not heading up the far mountain to seek the goats that were your primary meat source, you were making your way further down the valley, where a large group of buffalo grazed near the "village" at the other end. I began wondering what you were going to barter with the other village to possess some of them, for it was obvious that the huge animals were theirs. I watched closely. But when you approached, and a herdsman went to meet you, you shoved him aside and began taking the animals! How terribly rude, I thought. Then and there, I decided to write you a letter advising negotiation rather than force, but, I regret, your men's actions that night gave me a much more serious topic to contend with.

I was awakened that morning by the wailing of men and women, and I discovered that you had murdered seven children in their sleep.

When you went for the buffalo that afternoon, the herdsman only stood by, hollow looks in their eyes, as you carried their food away.

The use of murder and intimidation is a needless expenditure of innocent life, as well as impingement upon human freedom. An animal takes, and reacts violently when the taking is opposed, not men. A man has his mind, his wits and his words, and has no need to force himself a path among his fellows.

I can only hope you heed the words that I have written, cavemen. True, civilized society can not tolerate such despicable actions.

With deepest regrets,

Mike Lee

Dawn Regan

LAST WORD IN

Melissa MacKinnon,
Head Staff Writer

So the twenty-one year old drinking age hits Florida and Eckerd attempts to enforce it. Enforce a drinking age at college - what's there to do now?

Suddenly the punchhouse is no longer painted each week with an announced upcoming party we so clearly loved yet dimly remembered the next morning.

If we can't drink at college what can we do - study? No, I do not propose such a preposterous idea.

What I do see happening is the growth of other activities. We've got ECK-TV, a newsmagazine, a waterfront, and numerous other activities to choose from. In place of a night getting blasted, one can now learn to operate a video camera; listen to a lecture; become involved in a club activity.

I do not support the twenty-one drinking age; I don't even like it. I wish it were sixteen, then maybe it wouldn't be such a big deal.

What I'm saying is since we have it forced upon us, it's finally time to look around - with maybe a bit clearer vision - and say, what's up? We've got Apartheid in South Africa, a nuclear arms race that won't quit, American farmers going broke.

Colleges, in the past, were a place where these protests started. We had time to sit back, learn from our past, take note of the present, then stand up and say, "something must be done." If it doesn't start here where will it start?

Heck we've even got Fishing with Dale. That was one person, with one idea, and it's working. So maybe it's not as easy to get drunk all the time - maybe something good can come from that.

Alcohol can be fun —in its place

Stacey Bonner, staff writer

How much higher has YOUR alcoholic tolerance been raised since arriving at Eckerd? For many students, it has tripled and even escalated ten times over - sad but true. Some people who used to get a nice buzz off of a couple beers now down successive shots of straight Bacardi for a similar effect. For example, when asked the question "How many weekend nights have YOU stayed sober since Autumn Term?" many freshmen stared thoughtfully, no longer comprehending the meaning of the term "sober". Others just laughed loudly. I can only assume the answer to these questions is "none".

One Friday night, in order to observe the behavior of my friends and acquaintance while drunk, I stayed completely sober. I was hoping to maybe understand what motivates happy, active people to guzzle large quantities of wine, beer, rum, and anything else short of rubbing alcohol. I went to every party, staying completely straight even though alcoholic beverages were repeatedly thrust in my face. It was tough, but I did it. I must admit I had a pretty rotten Friday night. But I don't think my sober mental state was fully responsible. My friends who consumed entire bottles of whiskey looked in far more hurting shape than I. A girl with a six thousand dollar scholarship couldn't remember her own name, much less the location of her dorm. It made me think about the way I acted when drunk. Right now, the jokes didn't seem funny to me. I wanted to go to the beach, look at the stars, see a movie, dance-- ANYTHING--maybe do something to celebrate life rather than rot my liver.


When I walked in at 2 a.m., I heard the sound of my close friend puking her brains out in the bathroom. All around me were pale, languid faces. On their way to and from the bathroom I asked, "What exactly did you do tonight?" Answers ranged from "I got so wasted" to "I threw up". The next morning, I heard descriptions of keg parties, getting drunk, and beer binging, beer throwing, and beer drinking parties. It wasn't terribly original, and I think I was just bored. I think this time I saw negative sides of alcohol and the real reasons people drink.

People drink to forget their problems, forget themselves, to be a little wilder, more outgoing, louder for awhile. Drinking in excess may or may not achieve this. But even if your problems do seem to float away, drowned in a bottle of Smirnoffs, they come back and hit hard! This is one side effect. There is also the problem of the morning after.

Alcohol CAN be fun as long as it is put in its place, and not depended on. Drinking should enhance a good time not BE the good time. I know from firsthand experience: Using alcohol to entertain yourself can be a very lonely, empty good time! So next time you're thinking about getting drunk, think about WHY. Try and find an alternative. Be original! It might be a good time to stop drinking and start partying people!

GOTCHA!!!

During the Homelycoming football game between the Alumni and James House, things got a little rough! The last play of the game lost in cloth what he didn't lose in yardage for this bashful alumni!



JUST WHEN
YOU THOUGHT
IT WAS SAFE
TO GO BACK
IN THE PUB...

FISHING WITH DALE

8:00 PM

MONDAY &
THURSDAY

• *An Eck-TV Production* •

look for a feature on
Fishing with Dale
in the second issue of IMPACT